PACIFIC UNITARIAN SCHOOL
FOR THE MINISTRY

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—LUKE 2: 14.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring;—
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

O ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For, lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

—*Edmund H. Sears.*

A CHRISTMAS IN FRANCE.

Writing to his parents at home, a Massachusetts soldier in France tells how the men of his battalion made last Christmas ever memorable to the children of the village near which the battalion was encamped. To provide the essentials for childish happiness and enjoyment, the writer and an interpreter had to journey forty-five miles to the nearest city, only to face a storm on their return that drenched and chilled them.

The interpreter then went through the village, says the writer, to tell the parents to have the children at the Young Men's Christian Association hut at one o'clock. They began coming at twelve! The children and their mothers were all seated at the front of the shack, and the soldiers filled up the rear. "We started the affair with selections from a string orchestra. After that there was a motion-picture show. It went along smoothly for a while, until the gas tube exploded.

"Then we dropped the screen and disclosed a mammoth Christmas tree, beautifully decorated with all the different varieties of the usual Christmas decorations. Old Santa stood beside the tree. His costume was somewhat different from what we are used to in the United States. It looked like a monk's robe. His beard was made of absorbent cotton stuck on with collodion.

He called the children up, gave them their presents and extended our usual Christmas greetings.

"Folks, you should have seen those children! They were fairly shaking with the intensity of the excitement, and it started tears to the eyes of the battalion boys to watch them—tears of joy too,—to think they had made the little ones so happy and had given them one real Christmas on the American plan which they would always remember.

"After buying all the presents and defraying expenses, we had two hundred and twenty francs left. This was turned over to a permanent committee of five, which is to make a collection each pay day, and expend the money on the orphans and others of the village in need of assistance.

"This was how my Christmas was spent. Although I was many miles from home, you see I had good cause to be happy."—*The Youth's Companion.*

AT CHRISTMAS-TIME.

The Christmas spirit is one of the great tides of human nature. Every year broadens its scope and diversifies its operation. The world was never so Christian as to-day, far as it is to-day from carrying out fully the central creed of civilization. The brotherhood of man is limited by the amount of brotherhood there is in man; but when was there ever more? Wars there are, but when were there ever so many agencies to prevent recourse to war and to mitigate its horrors? Greed and oppression lift their ugly forms to take advantage of the very necessities which the giving spirit raises; but who could, with a fair mind, note the commercial feature of the time as its central characteristic, or fail to measure the watchfulness and energy of sympathy which follows the weary steps of toil and the scanty store of poverty, seeking to diminish the one and relieve the other? When did kindliness take so much concern with the roots of need, suggesting wider reaches of consideration, and digging into causes so as not to stop with alleviation, but tracking the sources of misery? The Christmas spirit is no longer a matter of individual benevolence merely, but has become a movement of organized good-will, promoting fairness and justice, uplifting not only persons and the time, but people and the year. It brings a new sanction to that intelligent and far-sighted care for others which turns the currents of love from an indiscriminate and immediate diffusion into prepared channels of thoughtful and constructive and reproductive benefit.

The birthday of Jesus is becoming more Christian than ever in coalescing with affections most human, showing that coming down out of heaven is a human process and not a remote fact. The human heart is coming into its rights and receiving its inheritance. All that as history is dim and out of reach becomes in the poetry of the season near and convincing. There is no longer one immaculate conception, but many, and every mother realizes a divine meaning in human birth. The world is reminded of an eternal generation, and every child is not created, but of one substance with the Father of all. Christ was never so much alive in the person of Jesus as he is in the influence of Jesus dignifying the sonship of man, lifting up the holiness of love, revealing the nativity of goodness, and opening the way of heaven upon the earth. Christmas is the least theological of all the Christian festivals, though the central theme of Christian theology, because it allies itself with so many sides of human experience and presents its teaching in so thoroughly human shape. The most orthodox doctrine affirms that the man was born into the world, and the most extreme independence bows before the mystery of the event. In what is most human and in what is most divine, human nature is equally responsive to the Christmas spirit. We do not have to subjugate our reason or set aside our science or upset history or soil paternity to honor the child in whose name children rejoice, to revere the wonder of his life, and to worship in imagination, as the wise and the humble have worshipped, before the cradle which held the best gift God has ever made of human life.

Churches of every name have but one name at this happy time. Men of every creed join in one belief on Christmas Day. People of every condition have access to one joy in this season of good-will and helpfulness. The old, old name suddenly becomes new. A new world has never heard it before, and the world grown old hears it as never yet. A Messiah calls in the soul of humanity. Christ is anointed in the blessedness of the year. Immanuel is the name on every brow, for God is indeed with us,—

> "Aiding every good endeavor,
> Guiding every upward aim."
>
> —*Selected.*

Great effort from great motives is the best definition of a happy life.—*William Channing.*

THE STILL HOUR.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Long, long ago on Mary's knees
Was cradled, from above,
A little child on whom God smiled
His Christmas gift of love.
Men's hearts were bitter and unjust,
And cruel hands were strong;
But all was hushed, and hope and trust
And peace began their song.

Whene'er the Father's Christmas gifts
Seem only frost and snow
And anxious stress and loneliness
And poverty and woe,
Behold the birthplace, rude and strange,
In which a Christ-child lies!
O welcome guest, thy cradle nest
Is always God's surprise!

For trouble, cold, and dreary care
Are angels in disguise,
And greeted fair, with trust and prayer,
As Peace and Love they rise.
Straightway provide a welcome wide,
Nor wonder why they came;
They stand outside our hearts and bide,
Knocking in Jesus' name.

—*The Christian Life.*

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

They tell a lovely story, in lands beyond the sea,
How, when the King of Glory lay on His mother's knee,
Before the Prophet princes came, bringing gifts in hand,
The dumb beasts felt the miracle men could not understand!

The gentle, patient donkey, and the ox that trod the corn,
Knelt down beside the manger, and knew that Christ was born,
And so they say in Sweden, at twelve each Christmas night,
The dumb beasts kneel to worship, and see the Christmas light!

This fancy makes men kinder to creatures needing care;
They give them Christmas greeting and dainty Christmas fare;
The cat and dog sup gaily, and a sheaf of golden corn
Is raised above the roof-tree for the birds on Christmas morn.

—*Mary Field Williams.*

THE ANGEL SONG.

Peace beginning to be
Deep as the sleep of the sea,
When the stars their faces glass
In their blue tranquillity;
Hearts of men upon earth,
Never once still from their birth,
To rest as the wild waters rest
With the colors of heaven on their breast!

Love, which is sunlight of peace,
Age by age to increase,
Till anger and hatred are dead,
And sorrow and death shall cease;
"Peace on earth and good-will!"
Souls that are gentle and still
Hear the first music of this
Far-off, infinite bliss.

—*Sir Edwin Arnold.*

Christmas is a presage of the time when wars shall cease; when the whole Church shall be one; when the Christ of love and truth shall be everywhere accepted, obeyed and loved, and the knowledge of God shall fill the earth as the waters cover the sea.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

The Lord reigns; let the earth rejoice.
Chance does not reign;
Fate does not reign;
Man does not reign;
He reigns who evermore educes lasting good out of transient evil.

—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. E. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass., offers: "The Man without a Country," by Edward Everett Hale, and the following by Dr. James Freeman Clarke: "Essentials and Non-Essentials in Religion," "An Introduction to the Fourth Gospel," "The Joys of Christmas," "A Happy New Year," and "Deacon Herbert's Bible Class."

Mrs. D. M. Little, 27 Chestnut Street, Salem, Mass., offers: "Elementary Physiology," by M. Foster and Lewis E. Shore;

"Physiology and Hygiene," by B. P. Cotton; "Modern English, — Book II," by Emerson and Bender; Poems by William Cullen Bryant; "Standard Arithmetic," by William J. Milne; "The Rational Spelling-Book," two vols., by J. M. Rice; "The Werner Grammar School Geography," by Horace S. Tarbell; "Readings in Ancient History (Rome and the West)," by W. S. Davis; "Outlines of Roman History," by W. C. Morey; "A Source Book of Mediæval History," by F. A. Ogg; "Modern Geography for High Schools," by Salisbury, Barrows & Tower.

Mrs. F. C. Brush, 17 East 38th Street, New York City, offers: *Littell's Living Age* (weekly magazine of best current literature), December, 1917, to June, 1918; *Atlantic Monthly*, January to December, 1917; *National Geographic Magazine*, August, 1917, to April, 1918; *Humboldt's Library of Science, old* numbers, various dates from 1881 to 1892; *Mental Hygiene* (three copies), October, 1917, January, 1918, April, 1918; *North American Review*, November, 1917, to May, 1918; *American Journal of Nursing*, November, 1917, to April, 1918; *Red Cross Magazine*, October, 1917, to March, 1918; *Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1918, to May, 1918; *State Service*, September, 1917, to May, 1918; Episcopal Church Prayer Book and Hymnal in large print; "Christian Faith in the Age of Science," by Rice; "The Challenge," by Begbie; also the following novels: "Jason," by Forman; "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," by Maclaren; "The Dictator," by McCarthy; "Confessions of a Social Secretary," by Lowe; "The Wide, Wide World," by Wetherell; "Aunt Jane's Hero," by Prentiss; "Jack Sheppard," by Ainsworth; "The Thirty-nine Steps," by Buchan; "The Plow-Woman," by Gates.

REQUESTS.

1. Miss Nora Carlton, Boomer, North Carolina, would be very grateful for current issues of the *Delineator*, the *Designer*, *Pictorial Review*, the *American*, or *Good Housekeeping*. She would also appreciate a cook book and any reading matter.

2. May I again ask for some good novels? I need the cheer of reading, greatly. I thank you very much for all kindness ever received. I should be so glad of the *Delineator* and *Needlecraft* for 1919. I am lonely without reading, and have to look to *The Cheerful Letter* for it. Address Mrs. M. Bates, 1409 Des Moines Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

3. I want to send a "thank you" to the Cheerful Letter Book and Magazine Club for the reading sent to me during the past years; also for the dear pen friends, whose letters were such a source of pleasure during many years of invalidism. Now that another long, cold winter will soon be here, I am going to ask your continued kindness in sending me reading. I should love to get the *Youth's Companion* for either of the years 1915–1916–1917. I should be very glad of any of the women's magazines,— *Pictorial Review, Delineator, Ladies' Home Journal*, or *Woman's Home Companion*,— current numbers, after having been read. Address Mrs. Jessie Rossmiller, New York Mills, Minnesota, Route 3.

4. Mrs. Percy Hailey, Spray, North Carolina, the mother of three little boys, will be glad of good reading.

5. I used to hear from the Cheerful Letter friends when we were living at Kerr, North Carolina; now we have moved to Charlotte, North Carolina, I don't hear any more. I should appreciate any good reading of any kind,—cards, books, or magazines,—as we had to leave a good many of our papers and books when we moved. They are so much company; and I have three little children who enjoy hearing them read to them. Address Mrs. Ivey Woodcock, 15 Winona Street, Charlotte, North Carolina.

6. Will some one please send me the *Delineator* and *Ladies' Home Journal?* I certainly would appreciate the favor. Address Mrs. R. A. Baird, Whitnel, Caldwell County, North Carolina.

7. It has been so long since I wrote to our little paper or heard from any of my Cheerful Letter friends that I think they have all forgotten me, just when I need their help most. My health is very poor; I am never well a day even, any more, and have been out of my own yard just twice since April, so you may know what a lonely summer I have had. I do not receive very much reading now,—just the *Youth's Companion* and once in a while a roll of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Both are splendid papers, but I should like some good books and magazines. Should particularly like to have *Munsey's*, beginning September, 1917, and running up to the present. Address Mrs. Lizzie Town, Buffalo, Kansas, R. D. 2.

8. My heart is bubbling over with thanks for all that has been sent us, which has been a great help in the cause here and very

greatly appreciated. I should like very much, if possible, the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1915; any kindergarten books; and the three following books, mentioned by Rev. Willard L. Sperry at the Harvard Conference last August: William James's "Varieties of Religious Experience," Edmund Gosse's "Father and Son," and John Woolman's "Journal." If no one can send them, I should like to know where they can be obtained, and the price. Address Mrs. John H. Huntress, Berwick, Maine.

9. I am taking this means of thanking the one who sent me the *Ladies' Home Companion*, and the others who have been so kind as to send me reading. I also come begging for more good reading and pieces for patchwork, as I am now confined to my chair because of a broken leg. The doctor says I cannot possibly walk before Christmas. Just think! three months I shall have to stay in my chair and do nothing! Josephine Parkhill, Gainesville, Route 2, Texas.

10. Mrs. Herbert Walker, Toshes, Virginia, asks for pictures and post-cards for her little girls, and reading for herself.

11. Miss Annie L. Phillips, Pleasant View Post-office, Amherst County, Virginia, asks especially for the *Literary Digest, Cosmopolitan, Saturday Evening Post*, and *Courrier des États-Unis* (the latter published in New York). She will be most grateful if, after having been read, any or all of the above can be sent to her regularly; and requests the names and addresses of senders. She has formerly been unable to thank senders, for lack of addresses, and has thus lost, to her great regret, all touch with the Cheerful Letter society, except that she still receives *The Cheerful Letter* magazine and would gladly write to thank the sender were name and address given. Being a teacher of music and languages, and living in a remote place, she has full opportunities to distribute literature, requests for which are constantly made of her. Any current magazines, biography, etc., or fiction (new or old) will be most gratefully received.

12. Such a long time has passed, and I have not heard from any of the good friends for ever so long. Perhaps the reason is because just one year ago we moved from 2235 M Street, San Diego, out here. My son has been in the hospital five months; but the other children like to read the papers sent by kind friends. I wish to thank one and all who have sent us reading matter in the past. My poor boy says if he were only able to fight for his country, and was hurt or sick from that, it would not be half so bad! Some one started sending me the *Ladies' Home Journal;* I did not get the address to thank the giver, and they stopped sending it. Mrs. Leigh of New York City sent us the *Youth's Companion* for several years. I was heartsick when I received word the mails had got all mixed when we moved, and she was not going to send it any more. I do so thank her for the past kindness. It is lonesome in the mountains; one way we look, all we can see is mountains. When winter comes it is hard to get reading matter. My address is Mrs. Nellie B. Wilbur, Red Mt. Ranch, Fallbrook, California.

13. I come thanking the many friends through *The Cheerful Letter* for the nice reading I have received. My name was Annie Eanes, Bassett, Virginia. I have changed my name and address, so I thought I would write again asking for reading and scraps for patchwork. Address Mrs. Daniel J. Owens, Spray, North Carolina.

14. Mrs. Isabel Bailey, Toronto, Kansas, wishes to express her full appreciation of reading sent. She is growing old and is not able to get out much; would enjoy magazines and good reading this winter.

15. Just a few lines to thank each and all of you for the reading matter you have sent me during the year; and would beg hard for more if any one has any to pass on. Would love to have a book or books to please children. There is a little crippled girl who lives right near me who would enjoy such things. She is a dear child; got hurt in a car wreck five weeks ago and will be a cripple for life. Address Mrs. G. R. Cooper, Garrisonville, Virginia.

16. Mrs. Oscar S. Blaisdell, Lyndonville, Vermont, R. D. 1, is living where she finds a large field to work in, and will be glad of reading, which she will pass on.

17. Mrs. Charles Owen, Sandy Level, Virginia, asks for reading and pictures or post-cards for the children.

18. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is asked for by Mildred Martin, Stella, Virginia; also picture-books for her two brothers and a sister, —ten, six, and four years of age.

19. Mrs. Emma M. Backus, 633 Third Street North, St. Petersburg, Florida, writes: I have been very ill, but am better now and

able to read. I am very much interested in everything psychic. Should be so very glad of any of the new books on the subject. I have read "Raymond," by Sir Oliver Lodge. I appreciated so much the *Journals of Psychical Research* sent me last year. I wonder if you could get for me *Harper's Magazines* of this past year, containing the life of Mrs. Humphry Ward; it has been running through the summer. . . . Some angel first gave the inspiration for the plan of *The Cheerful Letter*. To think of the homes in which it has been a blessing!

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

TRAINING THE IMAGINATION.

All children have not the same power of imagination. Most children have some, and for the first seven years exercise it freely. This is the time when facts and fancies get into a very confused state; when fairies people the wood, imaginary children come to play in the garden, stones talk, and "Red Riding Hood" and the "Three Bears" are a source of constant delight. But this period is comparatively short. What we can do with it, and whether it is a way by which we can get into the mind of the child the things we want there, are questions which interest us.

One Sunday I walked home from Sunday-school with a little five-year-old girl. She had a yellow daffodil in her hand and showed it to me proudly. "My teacher gave me this," she said, "and it says something." I took it, listened, and confessed I could not hear what it said. "I guess I'll have to tell you," she said. "It says 'Be like merry sunshine.' That's what it says. You put it in a vase and give it fresh water every day, and in the morning, when you look at it, it nods its head like this, and says 'Be like merry sunshine,' and then you mustn't be cross once, all day. When Jesus was a little boy, he was like merry sunshine all the time."

Yes, I could see the nodding head now, and, as I looked, out came the words. I am sure that little tot was a better child because of what the daffodil taught her. She knew what the "white, white lily" said too. Her teacher was wise. Birds and flowers can talk. It is only that we cannot understand.

The singing angel chorus, the shepherds, the tiny baby in the manger on that first glad Christmas night, how *real* they are in those early years! So firmly fixed by the power of the imagination are they, that all the after years cannot quite wear out the glow we remember.

The power of young children to make real and living the facts given them offers a splendid opportunity to the wise teacher to make vivid the Bible stories, so full of imagery. Have you ever heard a five- or six-year-old repeat the story of the baby Moses, after it had been well told? Nothing can be more *real*. Your own imagination must be dead if you do not see a real live baby in a basket, "about as big as that." Sometimes I think that the teacher of young children needs, more than anything else, the ability to tell a story, and the sympathy which will keep her from telling that which is horrible or shocking to a child.

But how about our ten- and twelve-year-olds? Now fancy begins to give place to fact. Yet this is the time for the constructive imagination to act as a powerful aid, though the basis is changed. Nowhere in all the world can one get something out of nothing. We sometimes think that the imagination creates, but it does not. In all spheres of knowledge and life there is but one Creator. Imagination builds up "images," and makes real something which has come from the material within the mind. Take an Indian, for example, who has never seen a house of any sort. He has lived in a wigwam in the wilds of the forest. He cannot imagine a modern house. There is nothing on which the imagination can build. But let him once see a house, even though it be poor and mean; he then has a basis, and though he cannot get a clear image of the modern house in all its detail, he can get some conception of it. One can help him imagine a larger house, more rooms, more windows, better furniture.

To me this is a fact of tremendous significance,—first to me as a teacher, and then to my pupils because of my teaching. Unless I have in my own mind, because of reading, study, pictures, travel, or conversation with travellers, some idea of Eastern dwellings, cities, and customs, it is impossible for me to imagine the story of "The Lost Coin," "The Prodigal Son," "The Lost Sheep." Unless, through pictures of Oriental scenes or vivid word pictures, I have given my child something with which to construct in his imagination the scene I am describing, it cannot be real to him.

When I prepare to tell the Christmas story to Junior or Intermediate grades, I review and have clearly in my mind the picture of the world at that time,—Rome's power, commercial conditions, life and customs in Palestine. Not that I wish to tell it all to them, but that it may be clear and real in my own mind. One year I drew on manil

paper a Roman soldier in armor and put up the picture of a heathen temple in Greece, and tried to make the scholars see the vast power of mighty Rome. Then I pictured the little inn of Bethlehem, and the baby, who, though the Roman world did not even know of his coming, was one day to be acknowledged Lord of the greatest nations of the earth, when Rome and Greece were dead. I did not dwell in this grade upon the sweetness of the mother or the weakness of the little one. Why? Because I wanted them to see more in the Christ-child than they did in the kindergarten or the primary, and I must provide their imagination with larger things on which to build.—*Margaret Slattery, in "Talks with the Training Class."*

NATURAL HISTORY.

BIRDS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Few people seem to realize the enormous appetites of birds. What with their ceaseless movement, the exertion of flight, the energy expended in song, and the high temperature of their blood, they require an immense amount of nourishment. It is common to remark of a person in delicate health, that he has the appetite of a canary. As a matter of fact, in proportion to their weight, the birds consume very much more food than we do. If a man were to feed on the same scale as some of the birds do, he would eat twenty-four hens for his breakfast, a whole sheep for his dinner, and would still be able to find room for half a dozen roast turkeys for his supper.

In Lomaland, house-wrens build their nests in hats that hang in the bungalows of students and in the pockets of raincoats. The hooded Arizona oriole suspends her woven cradle under the arches of the Temple of Peace; and valley quail lead forth their active, fluffy broods from clumps of pampas grass. With the exception of the red-breasted linnet, who resembles humanity in the interest that he takes in ripe figs, our feathered population on the whole render a great assistance in keeping down the insect plagues.

We need not fear the ravages of insects although they lay thousands of eggs, as long as we protect the birds. There seems to be a kind of balance in Nature, and if we protect the birds from foes and famine, they will take our part in our ceaseless struggle against the insects.—*Percy Leonard, in "The Theosophical Path."*

If God be for us, who can be against us?

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

(Concluded from last number.)

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard and gave him very little money. So, after a month or two, Gluck grew tired and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practised on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had got over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he got dreadfully thirsty and was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst. Give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw he was pale and weary, he gave him the water. "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good-speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it, and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But as he raised the flask he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him and got up and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked

after it till it became as small as a little star, and then turned and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks,—bright green moss with pale pink starry flowers, and soft belled-gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again; and when he looked at his bottle he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. As he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath, just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, that no one could succeed except in his first attempt; and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again if I don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully that he could not stand it. "Confound the king and his gold too," said Gluck, and he opened the flask and poured all the water in the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared; its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red; its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch. "But don't be frightened; it's all right"—for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. "Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make too."

"Oh, dear me," said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel!" said the dwarf. "They poured unholy water into my stream. Do you suppose I'm going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir,—your Majesty, I mean,—they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf, "but" (and his countenance grew stern as he spoke) "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying is unholy; though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. And the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good-speed."

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light. He stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint; the mist rose into the air; the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal and as brilliant as the sun. And when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small, circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains toward the Treasure Valley; and as he went he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft in the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the riversides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening; and thickets of myrtle and tendrils of vine cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance which had been lost by cruelty was regained by love.

And Gluck went and dwelt in the valley and the poor were never driven from his door, so that his barns became full of corn and his house of treasure. And for him the river had, according to the dwarf's promise become a river of gold.

And to this day the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream

and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River are still to be seen two black stones, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called by the people of the valley

The Black Brothers.

THE JERUSALEM WATER SUPPLY.

The London (Eng.) *Daily Telegraph* recently gave this account of one of the fortunate results of the great war in Palestine. It was written by an Englishman, living at Jerusalem:—

It is doubtful whether the population of any city within the zones of war has profited so much at the hands of the conqueror as that of Jerusalem. In a little more than a half a year a wondrous change has been effected in the condition of the people, and, if it were possible to search the Oriental mind and to get a free and frank expression of opinion, you would probably not find one inhabitant who was not devoutly thankful for General Allenby's army's deliverance of the Holy City from the hands of the Turks. And with good reason. The scourge of war, so far as the British army was concerned, left "Jerusalem the Golden" untouched. To the fifty thousand people in the city today, the skilfully applied military pressure which put an end to Turkish misgovernment was the beginning of an era of happiness and contentment of which they had no conception. Justice is administered in accordance with British ideals; every man enjoys the profits of his industry; traders do not have to run the gauntlet of extortionate officials; the old-time corruption is a thing of the past. Though in matters of sanitation and personal cleanliness the inhabitants have still much to learn, the appearance of the Holy City and of its population has vastly improved. Peace and order reign where previously there was misery, poverty, disease, and squalor.

One of the biggest blots upon the Turkish government of the city was the total failure to provide an adequate water supply. What they could not, or would not, do in their rule of four hundred years, His Majesty's Royal Engineers accomplished in a little more than two months! Now, for the first time in history, every civilian in Jerusalem can obtain as much pure mountain spring water as he wishes, fresh and bright as any bubbling out of Welsh hills. The picturesque (though usually unclean) water-carrier is passing into the limbo of forgotten things, and his energies are being diverted into other channels. The germs that crowded his leathern water-bags no longer endanger the lives of citizens, and the deadly perils which lurked in cistern water have been to a large extent removed.

For its water, Jerusalem used to rely mainly upon the winter rainfall to fill its cisterns. Practically every house has its underground reservoir; but many had fallen into disrepair, and most, if not all of them, required thorough cleansing. One recently inspected by the sanitary department had not been emptied for nineteen years. To supplement the cistern supply, the Mosque of Omar reservoir halved with Bethlehem the water which flowed from near Solomon's Pools down an aqueduct constructed by Roman engineers under Herod, before the Saviour was born. This was not nearly sufficient, nor was it so constant a supply as that provided by our army engineers. They found a group of springheads in an absolutely clean gathering-ground on the hills, yielding some fourteen thousand gallons an hour; and this water, which was running to waste, is lifted to the top of a hill, from which it flows by gravity through a long pipe line into Jerusalem. Supplies of this beautiful water run direct to the hospitals. At standpipes all over the city the inhabitants take as much as they desire. The water-consumption of the people has become ten times what it was last year, and this fact alone tells how the boon is appreciated.

The scheme does not stop at putting up standpipes for those who will fetch the water. As the cisterns are getting emptied, the authorities arrange for refilling them, on condition that they are first thoroughly cleansed and put in order. A householder has merely to apply to the Military Governor for water, and a sanitary officer inspects the cistern, orders it to be cleansed and sees that it is done; the Department of Public Health grants a certificate that the cistern is clean; the engineers run a pipe to it and it is filled, no matter what its capacity may be.

Other military works have done much for the common good in Palestine, but none of them are of greater utility than this. Mohammedans, seeing bright water flow into Jerusalem, regard it as one of the wonders of all time!

Those who have watched the ceaseless activities of the Public Health administration are not surprised at the remarkable improvement in the sick and death rates. The health

of the community is wonderfully good; the virtues of personal cleanliness are being taught. An Infants' Welfare Bureau has been established in Jerusalem. A kitchen is about to be opened to provide food for babies. The nurses are mainly local subjects, who have to undergo a thorough training, and there is no one here who does not confidently predict a rapid fall in the infant mortality rate, which—to the shame of the Turkish administration—was fully a dozen times that of the highest English towns. Some voluntary societies are now assisting, and the enthusiasm of the American Red Cross units, which have recently arrived with an admirable equipment, will enable all to carry on a great and beneficent work. Palestine is, indeed, a brighter and happier land.—*W. T. Massey (reprinted from the Palestine Exploration Fund Quarterly).*

OUR CAPTIVE SONS.

One of the hardest things that American parents are called upon to bear is the news that their son has been taken captive and is in a German prison camp. Close upon the sense of relief that of course comes with the knowledge that he is still alive comes the feeling of dread at what he is probably suffering, for we have all heard more than enough of the brutal treatment that Germany accords to prisoners of war. What we have heard little or nothing about is the other side of the picture,—the work of the American Red Cross in Switzerland.

There is at Berne a group of men known by the somewhat cumbersome title of "The American Red Cross Central Prisoners of War Committee." To it the General Headquarters of the American Army sends every day the names of all American soldiers who are reported as missing. From Germany it receives lists of all American prisoners taken. The list of prisoners is telegraphed to General Headquarters in France, and cabled to the Red Cross in Washington. A missing man having been thus traced to a particular camp, he will receive in a few days a package of food, consisting of two pounds of roast beef, two pounds of salmon, two pounds of corned beef, one pound of butter, three cans of baked beans, two pounds of prunes, figs, or raisins, ten packages of hard-bread in summer or fresh-baked bread in winter, one hundred cigarettes, coffee, sugar, salt, pepper, soap, towels, hair-brush, comb, razor, shaving-soap, tooth-brush, tooth-paste, two fresh suits of underwear, and a card on which he acknowledges receipt of the articles and names anything else that he specially needs or desires.

From that time on, a similar parcel, except, of course, for the underwear and the toilet articles, goes to that prisoner every week. Besides that, he receives once a month a pound of hard candy, two pounds of jam, half a pound of drinking chocolate and a pipe and tobacco if he prefers them to cigarettes.

A card index shows every prisoner's name and address, and the name and address of his nearest relative, who is immediately informed by telegraph where the prisoner is confined. That makes it possible for relatives and friends to write to him at once. Moreover, at each camp there is a committee of the prisoners themselves that reports every month on the receipts of food and clothing and names any special needs. Those committees keep on hand a reserve stock of supplies so that the necessities of new prisoners can be relieved at once.

The most gratifying thing in the whole philanthropic miracle—and perhaps the most astonishing—is the fact that ninety-five per cent. of the supplies sent are actually received by the men for whom they are intended.—*The Youth's Companion.*

A LETTER FROM VIRGINIA.

Dear Dr. Rowley,—I want to tell you something I saw and heard the other day. I am sure it will interest you.

I was standing in a harness store when an old colored man came in, a farmer who wanted to make a small purchase. It was very warm, and he was in an open wagon. The dealer asked him to buy an umbrella for his wagon. He said no, he did not care for it. When the dealer told him it was too warm for him to drive fifteen miles in the sun, the old man looked at his horse standing at the door, and asked, "Have you got one that I can fix over my horse?" The dealer said, "No." "Well," said he, "if the horse must stand it I will too, for when it gets too warm for me, I will know it is too warm for my horse, and I will put him in the shade and I will go into the house. I will not sit under an umbrella and let my horse pull me, while he is in the sun." And he went out and patted his horse and drove off without the umbrella. He was a colored man who could not even write his name.

Sincerely yours,

E. L. D. BRYAN,

(One of our workers.)

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

INITIAL LETTER PUZZLE.

In the nine sentences below appear as many words (one in each sentence) which, if found and written one below the other, will spell the name of a day belonging to all.

1. The case took a lot of the court's time.
2. Harold has joined the army.
3. The race was very close.
4. He works in a hardware store.
5. The wind was from the south.
6. The fire destroyed the church.
7. The map was old and faulty.
8. Alice is going to the art school.
9. George has gone to the store.

II.

CORONATIONS AND CROWNS.

1. By whom was the crown first worn in Greece as a symbol of royal rank?

2. What king of Jerusalem refused to wear a crown of gold when his Master had borne one of thorns?

3. What Prussian king was proclaimed Emperor of Germany in the Hall of Louis XIV. in the palace of Versailles?

4 What English queen wore three crowns at her coronation?

5. What Roman emperor gave up his crown to enjoy his cabbage garden?

6. What king celebrated the coronation of his wife with a bonfire of heretics?

7. What king denied his wife admittance to his coronation?

8. Which of the Roman emperors was raised from a farm to a throne?

9. Who was the last of the Ptolemies to wear the crown of Egypt?

—*Youth's Companion.*

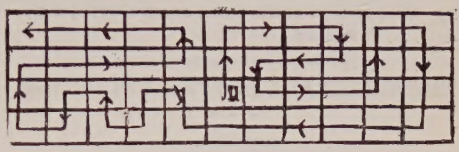
III.

RIDDLES.

1. Which is swifter, heat or cold?
2. Why is a dirty boy like flannel?
3. Why is there water in a watermelon?
4. What is the largest room in the world?

IV.

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE.



Begin at a certain square and move to an adjoining square (as in the king's move in chess), until each square has been entered once. When the moves have been rightly made, the name of an object dear to children and several objects found on it may be spelled out The path from one letter to another is .continuous.

Answers to puzzles in the November number.

I. MATCHING SYLLABLES: (1) sup, (2) pose—suppose; (1) to, (2) lea, (3) dough—Toledo; (1) burr, (2) den—burden; (1) cleve, (2) land—Cleveland; (1) Post, (2) pone—postpone.

II. LABYRINTH OF LETTERS: Cranberry sauce, turkey, potatoes, candy, tea, nuts, pies.

1 E	2 O	3 R	4 K	5 A	6 R	7 M	8 N
9 S	10 M	11 A	12 G	13 N	14 E	15 C	16 D
17 A	18 C	19 N	20 I	21 E	22 H	23 Y	24 N
25 O	26 S	27 F	28 E	29 C	30 R	31 A	32 E
33 K	34 O	35 L	36 S	37 D	38 I	39 C	40 E
41 B	42 W	43 A	44 E	45 D	46 L	47 S	48 R
49 I	50 S	51 S	52 O	53 L	54 O	55 T	56 T
57 C	58 J	59 P	60 T	61 S	62 M	63 A	64 S

III. HALF-SQUARE: M E T Z
E G O
T O
Z

IV. MIXED WORD SQUARE:

E L A N D
L A B O R
A B O D E
N O D E S
D R E S S

V. AN AXIOM: "Pride goes before, but shame follows after."

Train yourself to find the good in what seems evil, to make of disaster an opportunity for your courage, to master suffering by patience, to learn from sorrow sympathy. —*G. S. Merriam.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of *The Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Miss Helen L. Wells, 269 Franklin Street, Newton, Mass.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The work has grown so it is no longer easy for the Book Club Secretary to care for all that pertains to the Club. The following lady has volunteered to take charge of the music:—

FOR REQUESTS OR OFFERS, APPLY TO MRS. THOMAS LACEY, 35 EAST 30TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers, in its *Home Study Work*, to send lessons to any one who wishes. We can help teachers at home for higher grades, or others who cannot continue their school studies. Lessons will be given in all subjects. Please apply to Mrs. Elmer E. Hudson, 5 Alveston Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

In sending subscriptions for *The Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

See memoranda supplied by Mrs. Woodcock, Mrs. Wilbur, and Miss Eanes (now Mrs. Owen) in the Book and Magazine Club.

Chairman of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Hubert Pope, 39 Kenneth Street, West Roxbury, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer St., Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.